



A
P O E M
Occasioned by the
F U N E R A L

of the Glorious and Invincible,

JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

By R. S.

WHENCE this sad Pomp? the mighty Cause declare;
Why mourn the brave intrepid Sons of War?
With silent Grief they in slow Order goe,
Whilst solemn Sadness sits on every Brow,
And all Things bear the Signs of Martial

Woe.

The Trumpets their loud Clangors now forbear,
Nor rouse the fiery Steeds, nor animate the War,
But in sad Accents their soft Moans repeat,
Whilst the hoarse Drums in mournfull Consort beat.
It looks as if the God of War were dead,
Or conquering *Brittain's* Guardian Genius fled.
Too just the Grief; the Mighty *MARLBRO's* gone,
Whilst pale *Britannia* mourns her glorious Son.
The dire Event 'tis fit Mankind should know,
That the most distant Climes may share the mighty Woe;
Let the whole Earth attend his Obsequies,
The World's a Loofer when Great *Churchill* dies.
Belgia's united States his Loss deplore,
Nor grieved for their own *Nassau* more:
Warlike *Germania* mourns with all her Sons,
Her great Deliverer the ransom'd Empire owns.
The *Scheld* and *Thames* in doleful Consort join,
And hoary *Ister* echoes to the *Rhine*.
France owes his just Applause, tho' late her Dread,
She fear'd him living, and admires him Dead.
In him those glorious Virtues which alone,
Might form a Hero, all united Shone.
Greatness and Goodness here at once were seen,
Sweetly inthron'd in his Majestick Mein,
How Mild yet Awfull, piercing yet Serene!
With Wonder we the Godlike Man beheld,
Great in the Cabinet, and in the Field.
Lovely he shone with such attractive Grace,
By Nature form'd for all the Arts of Peace;
But when call'd forth to Battles loud Alarms,
How grand he shew'd, how terrible in Arms!
When *MARLBRO* led the *Brittish* Legions on,
Cities they fought with, storm'd, and Battles won,
Secure of Conquest e're the Fight begun,
Fearless when their great Leader they beheld,
Serene in all the Tumults of the Field,
Whilst in ten Thousand Deaths Heav'n did his Favorite shield.
Calm and unmov'd he rul'd the wild uproar,
And all the Horrors of a raging War,
So when *Messiah* with resistless Might,
Quell'd the Satanic Host in dreadfull Flight,

Scattering his fiery Vengeance all abroad,
He calm amidst the awfull Thunder rode,
The Rebel Angels humb'd and confess'd the G O D.
Let *Greece* and *Rome* their rival Heroes boast,
Till Truth of History in Fiction lost;
Brittain shall Sing her *MARLBOROUGH* alone,
And all their Mighty Generals Show in one.
Gainst Tyrants he unsheath'd his Conquering Sword;
Like *David* fought the Battles of the Lord;
Whilst Victory still her Starry Wings display'd,
And constant follow'd where the Hero led.
Dauntless he fought not fir'd with Thirst of Blood
Nor Thirst of Glory, but his Countrys Good:
No Cruelty his generous Courage stain'd,
Nor did he court the vast Applause he gain'd.
Thrice Happy Isle! renown'd for Arts and Arms,
Thy Soldiers Conquests, and thy Woman's Charms:
In *MARLBRO* we a finish'd Hero see.
Natures last great Attempt reserv'd for thee.
To Distant Worlds shall fly the sounding Praise,
Where ever Fame her Golden Trumps can raise.
From Pole to Pole and where the Circling Sun,
Thro' different Climes his flaming Race hath run,
He spread the Nations Glory and his own.
In his great Actions *Homer's* self might chuse
A Subject fit for his exalted Muse,
He need not here sing the Imbattled Gods,
Nor bring the Immortals from their bright Abodes.
Great *MARLBRO's* Acts his Genius would employ,
Strong as his Numbers, as his Fancy high,
Such Praises to the wondrous Themes belong,
There needs no fiction to Adorn the Song.
What Bard will now the mighty task explore,
Great *Addison* began but ah! he's now no more
Yet still behold in his Immortal Lines,
How Great, how Bright, the Godlike Heroe Shines:
Blest Age, Blest Island, which alone could show,
The chief of Heroes, and of Poets too.
With like Applause thro' every Age shall reign.
Great *Virgil's Aeneas* *Addison's* Campaign.
Poets unborn great *Churchill's* Acts shall chuse.
To add Sublimar Rapture to their Muse.
With his exploits their Fancy shall inflame,
And borrow Ardors from so great a Theme.
Let not *Britannia's* Foes insulting Boast,
Tho' Mighty *Churchill's* gone yet all's not lost:
Shall find an Arm, proud Enemies to Scourge,
Nor want a *Marlborough*, whilst she hath a *George*.